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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.





*Collegers during the winter*

THE  
STORM & OTHER POEMS,

by  
FRANCIS BENNOCH.



LONDON:  
WILLIAM SMITH, FLEET STREET.



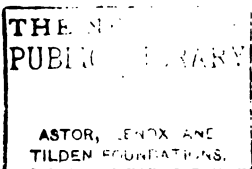
*Collagers during the storm.*

THE  
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# THE STORM,

AND

Other Poems.

BY

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

Though no bold flight to thee belong,  
And though thy lays, with conscious fear,  
Shrink from Judgment's eye severe,  
Yet much I thank thee, Spirit of my song,  
For, lovely Muse! thy sweet employ  
Exalts my soul, refines my breast,  
Gives each pure pleasure keener zest,  
And softens sorrow into pensive joy.—*CORRIGENDUM.*

LONDON:

WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET;

WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH; J. B. SINCLAIR, DUMFRIES.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.  
1899.

LONDON:

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.,

THE FOLLOWING

**Poems**

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY  
THE AUTHOR.





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# THE STORM ;

**A Poem,**

**IN THREE PARTS.**

---

We sail the sea of life,—a calm one finds,  
And one a tempest,—and, the voyage o'er,  
Death is the quiet haven of us all !—WORDSWORTH.



# THE STORM.

---

## PART I.

THE Spring had come with gentle showers ;  
And herbs and plants and trees and flowers  
Sprang into life as south winds blew  
Soft on their bursting pulps, and dew  
Moisten'd their lips, whilst one by one  
They open'd their buds to the morning sun,  
Inhaling with pleasure the genial glow  
Of his golden beams,—for they seem'd to know  
That their beautiful bloom from his light must flow.  
As his rays on their bosoms danced awhile,  
You might hear them grow as you saw them smile ;  
The humblest flower with its crimson streak  
Display'd by the blush of its velvet cheek,  
How deeply it felt though it could not speak !

At such a season—such a scene,—  
When Nature flung on every one  
Her sweetest smiles from wood and green,  
A mother thus address'd her son



In a western isle—as he lingering stood—  
 And silently gazed on the sleepless flood :  
 “ Stay thee, O stay thee ! my hair has grown grey,  
 My limbs they are tottering, weary and old,  
 Their life’s blood runs watery, slowly and cold,  
 And who will protect me when thou art away !

“ Urge me not, mother,—it must be so,—  
 But give me thy blessing before I go !”  
 Her bony fingers press’d his brow  
 And play’d amid his raven hair,  
 Her eyes to Heaven were upward turn’d,  
 And thus arose her earnest prayer :—  
 “ O Holy Virgin, to thy care  
 And love maternal I confide  
 Mine only son, and wheresoe’er  
 He wanders, be his shield and guide !”  
 Convulsed with grief, her words were drown’d  
 By streaming tears that bathed the ground,—  
 A dreary pause,—she kiss’d her son,  
 And then, in broken speech, went on :  
 “ My first,—my last,—my only boy,—  
 My life,—my love—my hope,—my joy !  
 My thoughts are with thee night and day,  
 And, as thou lov’st thy mother, pray  
 That He may all thy actions bless  
 Who only is the orphan’s stay,  
 The ‘ Father of the fatherless !’ ”

"I thank thee, my mother!—thy blessing is dear  
 To my soul as the sun to the dawning year,—  
 As drops of rain to the parchéd tongue,  
 As kisses of love when the heart is young !

Ere Winter comes with icy chain

And clanks his fetters o'er the ground,  
 Dear mother, I'll return again

And make thy heart with gladness bound ;  
 I'll charm the wrinkles from thy brow,  
 Thy cheeks shall furrow not as now,—  
 Where burning rolls the stream of woe  
 Shall trickling tears of rapture flow ;  
 Thy years declining then shall seem  
 To glide in smoothness like the stream  
 Whose waves in music pass our door  
 And gently break upon the shore :  
 Farewell—Farewell—come good or ill,  
 Thy blessing, dear mother, shall cheer me still !"

His boat was riding on the wave,—  
 Another kiss she fondly gave,  
 And tenderly embraced her son,—  
 A deep—deep sigh—and he was gone !  
 Away he skimm'd,—as light as air,  
 Across the sea,—she knew not where !

"And he has gone !" the widow cried,  
 "A mother's joy,—a mother's pride,

Although his father's course be run,  
 His spirit liveth in the son;  
 So like his sire in mind and frame,  
 I could believe they were the same!  
 Sure Nature by some mystic art  
 Hath chang'd the old man to the new,  
 Or given the young the old man's heart,  
 To show what she has power to do,  
 And Maurice' self and Maurice' son  
 May not be reckon'd *two*, but *one*!  
 But, oh! this bosom keenly knows  
 The hopes—the fears—the joys—the throes  
 Of pain the child its mother cost  
 At birth when he and she were lost  
 For aught that human eye could see,—

But both surviv'd, and, ah! since then  
 The comfort he has brought to me!—

A comfort unalloy'd with pain  
 Till now—when from this lonely beach  
 My aged eye can scarcely reach  
 The ship that now like vapour dies  
 Betwixt the ocean and the skies,—  
 'Tis gone! O Heaven, thy will be done,—  
 To bless the mother shield the son! ”

Maternal love!—Maternal love!—

What rapture lies within thy name!  
 For men below and Powers above  
 Commend thy passion's holy flame!

The balm of life,—a deathless power  
 That fades not in affliction's hour,  
 Through all distresses burning still  
 Undimm'd—unquench'd—unquenchable !  
 When poor exhausted nature sleeps,  
     Or sickness haunts the infant bed,  
 With anxious eye the mother keeps  
     Untiring watch upon its head !  
 The only joy her thoughts afford  
 Is hope that health may be restor'd :  
 But that denied, 'tis still her prayer  
 That Heaven at least its life may spare !


Nor was the mother's passion shown  
 Too much in favour of her own :  
 The rich,—the poor,—the young,—the old  
 Alike the worth of Maurice told ;  
 For he had been the friend of all  
 At Wake, or Fair, or Funeral,—  
 No matter where, no matter when,  
 Still Maurice was the chief of men !  
 The wisest would with him converse,  
 The bravest would his deeds rehearse ;  
 Though proud and jealous of their fame,  
 All bow'd to his superior claim ;  
 Nor maids were woo'd, nor hearts were won,  
 That he was not advis'd upon !

The music of the maiden's tongue  
His fame and virtues sweetly sung  
In an old-fashion'd, artless rhyme,  
Compos'd in manner of that time  
When neither sense nor truth was drown'd  
In long confusing streams of sound.

## PART II.



THE air was mild and smooth the sea,  
The waves were heaving tranquilly ;  
No storm beset the Pirate's home  
Or lash'd the billows into foam,  
But all was gentle, placid, mild,  
And smiling like a dreaming child,  
Or like fair fields of waving grass  
As summer breezes o'er them pass.  
The vessel, like an eagle free,  
Flew o'er the tide in majesty,  
A soul-expanding, cheerful sight,—  
Yet Maurice' heart was lone as night,  
For heavy thoughts had o'er him come,  
Thoughts of his mother and his home ;  
For he had left his native shore,  
Never,—perhaps,—to tread it more,  
And as his eyes would homeward turn,  
He felt his heart and temples burn,  
Nor could he their excitement still  
Or bend pulsation to his will ;



As tears dropp'd trickling o'er his cheek,  
 He blush'd to think himself so weak,  
 But, consecrate to filial love,  
 Each drop that fell was bless'd above !

The morn and noon pass'd slowly by,  
 And evening's mantle veil'd the sky :  
 The sea, by day so smooth and bright,  
 Is far more lovely seen by night,  
 When o'er old Ocean's wrinkled brow,  
 The night has hung her silver bow,  
 And stars in myriads ope their eyes  
 To guide the footsteps of the wise,  
 And in the deep reflected lie  
 Till ocean seems a second sky.  
 And ships, like wing'd aërial cars,  
 Are voyaging among the stars !  
 Though Maurice' eyes were fix'd on these,  
     His thoughts were hovering near the spot,  
 Enclos'd by widely-branching trees,  
     Where stood his mother's lonely cot.  
 O ! deem not Maurice thought of sleep  
 Upon the bosom of the deep,  
 Or laid his weary limbs to rest  
 Before his father-land he bless'd ;  
 And she, his life's first, latest care,  
 Was not forgotten in the prayer.

And now the soul-depressing cloud  
 Of gloomy thoughts that, like a shroud,  
 Bound up his heart, was rent in twain,  
 And Maurice felt himself again,—  
 Awake to Nature's glorious scene,  
 The mighty sea, the sky serene.  
 The air that through the rigging play'd,  
 A stream of gentle music made,  
 In concert join'd the deep-mouth'd sea  
 As bass unto the melody,  
 And as their voices rose and fell  
 Young Maurice tun'd this fond farewell :—

“ Farewell to thee, Erin,  
 My own belov'd isle,  
 Where Truth, Love, and Virtue  
 In all seasons smile ;  
 Where'er I may wander,  
 The land I love best,  
 Is my own belov'd Ireland,  
 Bright Isle of the West !

Thy valleys are fertile  
 As valleys can be,  
 A garden of beauty  
 Wall'd round by the sea :  
 Thou, fav'rite of Heaven,  
 Art surely caress'd  
 As the darling of Nature,  
 Fair Isle of the West !



The clouds that hang o'er thee  
 Shall soon disappear,  
 And bright eyes shall welcome  
 An advent so dear ;  
 While brave sons defend thee,  
 With true hearts possess'd,  
 All lands shall befriend thee,  
 Sweet Isle of the West !

When death shall draw near me,  
 As sure he will come,  
 I'll smile at the summons  
 That beckons me home,  
 If at last from my cares  
 And my troubles I rest  
 In repose on thy bosom,  
 Dear Isle of the West ! ”

Now Maurice laid his head to rest  
 And clos'd his eyes, but, ah, how vain !  
 Though rock'd on ocean's wavy breast,  
 Sleep would not come to soothe his brain.  
 The shortest night is long and drear  
 When gentle sleep will not come near ;—  
 Thus Maurice felt, and as the light,  
 Cloth'd in the dawning's sober grey,  
 Came forth to chase away the night,  
 And usher in another day,

He raised him from his sleepless bed  
 With heavy heart and aching head,  
 Which like a thought were charm'd away,  
 For now the ship was in the bay !  
 His pulse beat quick,—an instant more  
 And Maurice stood on England's shore !  
 “ And this is England ! this the land,  
     The birth-place of the mighty dead !  
 I see her heroes round me stand  
     As now her rocky shores I tread !  
 I feel their spirits in me burn,  
     And lofty thoughts my bosom swell ;  
 At every step, and every turn,  
     My heart throbs quicker ; who can tell  
 The high emotions that arise  
 As now I gaze on these bright skies  
 That smile upon this isle so free,  
 The fair Betroth'd of Liberty ! ”

Short time had he in England been  
 Before his tone was chang'd, I ween ;  
 For oftentimes would he compare  
 His mother-land with this so fair,  
 And, lonely wand'ring on his way,  
 He, murmuring to himself, would say,  
 “ We live beneath as clear a sky,  
 Our towering mountains rise as high,  
 Our rivers flow as broad and clear  
 As those that smile around me here,

Our plains are all as fresh and green  
 As any plains in England seen,  
 Our men as brave,—our maidens too  
 Are not less lovely nor less true ;  
 Yet one with wealth is running o'er,  
 The other's naked, starv'd and poor.  
 They're bound by every holy tie  
 Of sister love and sympathy,  
 Their interests are all the same,  
     Their laws in truth alike should be,—  
 They both assume the British name,  
     And both assist to keep it free ;  
     But O !—accursed Jealousy,  
 That breaks the dearest ties on earth,  
     My mother-land, has ruin'd thee !  
 Till Justice governs and gives birth  
 To equal laws, and fosters worth,  
 Thy children must remain the slaves  
 Of factious demagogues and knaves !  
 But when the ruling powers shall dare  
 To hold the beam of Justice fair,  
 And walk where Nature points the way,  
 And make *their* laws *her* laws obey,  
 They'll find our murmurs cease, and see  
 A smiling land,—a peasantry  
 Obedient, quiet,—happy,—free !”

When Maurice to those cities came  
 The source of England's power and fame,

The heart that 'through her system sends  
 The circulating stream of life,  
 Transforming foreign foes to friends,  
 And conquering ruthless war and strife,  
 (All-powerful Commerce, unto thee  
 The bravest spirits bend the knee !)  
 O'erwhelm'd and wrapp'd in deep amaze  
 Too great for speech, he could but gaze  
 And think the more ; and while he thought,  
 Reflection the conviction brought  
 That Ireland's poverty and woe  
 From sad misgovernment must flow,  
 The great, indubitable cause,—  
 Unequal rights and partial laws !

Though Maurice knew his country's wrongs,  
 Yet he could Nature's blessings feel,  
 And gladly listen to her songs  
 That through the heart in music steal  
 While wandering by the dales of Dove  
 And Matlock's shady bowers of love,  
 Or o'er the hills that intervene  
 Where wimpling rills run bright between !  
 He climb'd delighted up the steep,  
 And trac'd that mazy cavern deep  
 Where hidden gems in millions sleep  
 Till, waken'd by the taper's light,  
 Shines out the brilliant stalactite,

And dazzling ore and gleaming spars ;  
 As if "ten thousand thousand" stars  
 Had left the azure dome of night,  
 That by their concentrated light  
 They might create a magic cell  
 Where should some guardian genii dwell.—  
 Within the centre,—down—down—down,—  
 A gloomy chasm's pitchy frown  
 Confounds the all-bewilder'd sight,—  
 It seems the prison-home of night !  
 There subterranean torrents run  
 Unbless'd by either wind or sun,  
 From out its bowels dark arise  
 Low fainting sounds like strangled sighs,  
 As if these dungeons dark confin'd  
 The ruin'd souls of human kind.

Thus wander'd Maurice whilst the Spring  
 With all its buds and blossoming  
 Had come and gone, and at its death  
 With deeper bloom and richer breath  
 The Summer came with the Summer's joy,  
 As merry at heart as a laughing boy  
 As he runs and bounds and laughs and sings  
 Till the joyous tear in his bright eye springs ;—  
 On came she bounding in sunshine and rain,  
 Dancing in music o'er mountain and plain ;  
 Blithe was her life, led in greenwoods and bowers,  
 Sweet was the music she drew from the flowers,

As she hung them and swung them on bending trees,  
 Homes for the insects and food for the bees ;  
 Their petals were nourish'd with sunlight and dew  
 Till her love was return'd in the odours they threw ;  
 She bath'd all their lips on the fading of light,  
 And tenderly folded them up for the night,  
 Fond watch o'er their pillows untiring she kept,  
 And kisses gave all till they slumber'd and slept.

But Summer was robb'd of her garments so green  
 When sunny-brow'd Autumn arose on the scene ;  
 Ripe was his ruddy face,—firm was his tread,  
 His mantle was purple and yellow and red  
 And brown,—and the locks on his lofty brow  
 In richness and beauty were seen to grow  
 Like the yellowing ears of the ripening corn  
 Wav'd by the breath of the joyous morn.  
 Those locks in their glory were fair to see  
 As the sunny waves of a golden sea.  
 He stretch'd out his arms and shook his head  
 Till the luscious fruits of the year were spread ;  
 And the juice of the apple, plum, peach, grape and pear  
 Brought gladness to all,—mirth everywhere !

The last of his locks from his crown was shorn  
 By a maiden whose cheek wore the blush of the morn :  
 It seem'd as she twin'd it around her brow  
 Like a sunset cloud on a mountain of snow :

Mirth was let loose, and away went the strain  
 Till the concave of heaven return'd it again:  
 From a *whisper*, the echoes to *thunder* increas'd  
 To welcome the Queen of the Harvest feast !  
 Men's woven hands were her holy throne,  
 And, O ! she was lovely to look upon ;  
 A spirit lay laughing within her blue eye,  
 A spirit of love that made young men sigh  
 As they bore her home o'er the daisied green,  
 The beautiful, innocent, harvest queen !  
 No monarch on earth was more happy, I'm sure,  
 Her heart was so light and her thoughts so pure !  
 What would I not venture, where would I not roam,  
 To be present again at a harvest-home !

Then rustling leaves from the trees fell down,  
 And the wingéd seeds by his breath were blown  
 Over the seas bearing verdure and smiles  
 To the rugged crests of the distant Isles.  
 The flowers dropp'd down on their wintry bed,  
 Men pass'd them unheeded and thought them dead ;  
 But do they then die ? or only rest,  
 To arise again like a spirit that's blest ?

As old Autumn was dying, no more did he crave  
 Than that maiden might sing him to sleep in his grave.  
 His calm spirit fled like a bright setting sun,  
 Giving smiles to the last and life when gone !

By this had Maurice travell'd o'er  
 Long dreary wastes of moss and moor,  
 And long left far behind the halls,  
 The stately parks,—the water-falls,  
 Which art has made with nature vie  
 To soothe the heart and charm the eye,  
 Where Chatsworth's mighty wonders stand,  
 The pride—the glory of our land !  
 And now he treads a different soil  
 Enrich'd by never-ending toil,  
 Where dwell fair maids and matrons wise,  
 And men whose courage never dies,—  
 For fairer, braver there are none  
 Beneath the circle of the sun,  
 Like flinty rocks their hearts are true,—  
 Where Scotland piles her mountains blue,  
 And heaven spreads its dark blue sky  
 O'er valleys green and mountains high.

For stern morality and worth,  
 Give me the regions of the North,  
 Whose every vale and wildest glen  
 Is peopl'd by a race of men  
 Whose sires for Freedom firmly stood,  
 And won it with their dearest blood ;  
 The mound below,—the cairn on high  
 Direct you where her martyrs lie.



What SCOTTISH arms have nobly done,  
 May still by IRISH hearts be won ;  
 Our country, now despoil'd and bare,  
 And deeply wrong'd, need not despair.  
 Her sons are patriots brave and true,  
 And, nerv'd by Justice, shall subdue  
 The haughty spirits who presume  
 To make their native land the tomb  
 Of Liberty—the scoff and scorn  
 Of every land—Yes! they were born  
 For brighter things, and yet shall show  
 What men by moral strength may do,  
 And by their own exertions save  
 A land of freemen from the grave.

Thus felt young Maurice while he stood  
 And gazed on Nith's romantic flood,  
 Whose banks are chronicles that tell  
 Where brave men fought and strong men fell ;  
 And here THAT POET wrote and sung,  
 His muse the praise of every tongue,  
 And pilgrims to that silent strand  
 Have come from many a distant land,  
 And brav'd the wide tumultuous wave  
 To shed a tear on Burns's grave !

## PART III.

THE evening sky look'd calm and clear  
 When Maurice pass'd through Durrisdeer,  
 In hope the evening star might lead  
 Him safely on to Wanloch head ;  
 From whence 'twas his intent to stray  
 O'er moorlands wild and mountains grey,  
 To see the foam and hear the din  
 That ever roars in Cora linn ;  
 Then take the river as a guide  
 To lead him down the banks of Clyde,  
 By bosky glen or leafy shaw,  
 Until he reach'd the Broomielaw,  
 From whence he soon might find a sail  
 To bear him to his native vale—  
 Where sate his aged mother lone,  
 And weary watching for her son.

But, ah ! how vain the wish of man !  
 His fairest hope,—his dearest plan,—  
 Just when it seems within his power,  
 Will vanish like that fated flower

Whose beauty charms the human eye,  
 But at a touch will fade and die !  
 So on that eve,—too bright indeed,—  
 Old shepherds weather-wise could read,  
 By some faint streaks that cross'd the sky,  
 A storm—a dreadful storm was nigh.  
 And scarce had Maurice pass'd the mill,  
 And clomb the breath-suspending hill,  
 When through the glens on every side  
 The gusty wind moan'd like a tide,  
 And clouds began to overcast  
 The sky—and then in bitter blast  
 The Spirit of Winter arose on the air  
 With shivering limbs all naked and bare !  
 Born in the depths of an Iceland cave,  
 Cradl'd and nurs'd on a stormy wave,  
 He slumber'd a season and then came forth ;  
 His steeds were the bitterest winds of the North ;  
 A frozen cloud was his whirling car ;  
 Darkness and Fear were his heralds of war ;  
 His icicle teeth did rattle and shake  
 Like a hurtling stone on a frozen lake,  
 Or the clattering bones of a gibbeted form,  
 That is driven about by the merciless storm ;  
 His long skinny arms he wav'd in the breeze,  
 And stripp'd of their verdure the plants and the tree  
 Wherever he snorted, his withering breath  
 All delicate beings crush'd in death !

oud, loud were the shouts of his boisterous mirth,  
 s he scatter'd dismay o'er the smiling earth ;  
 he clouds were rent as the storm was driven ;  
 he howl'd and laugh'd in the face of Heaven !  
 rom the hills came volumes of drifted snow,  
 hoking the rivers and streams below,  
 hich gasp'd for breath, as they slowly ran,  
 ith gurgling sounds like a dying man !

uch was the spirit men trembl'd to hear,  
 s he roar'd o'er the summits of Durrisdeer,  
 nd swept through the glens of a thousand rills,  
 nd thunder'd away o'er the Pentland Hills,  
 hen back o'er the Lowthers bellow'd again,  
 s though a fierce earthquake were riving in twain  
 he stubbornest rocks :—no longer were seen  
 he green grassy mountains of bonny Dalveen ;  
 s storm so terrific, so loud in its roar,  
 for Carron nor Enterkin e'er heard before ;  
 nd with it seem'd mingling shrieks of despair,—  
 Voe, woe if a stranger were desolate there !

a that dread hour when danger's near,  
 And fate hangs balanc'd in the air  
 'twixt life and death, and hope and fear,  
 Or smiling joy or wan despair,  
 o closely poised, a single hair

Thrown in the scale would turn the beam,—  
 'Tis then that coward custom flies,  
 And sov'reign nature reigns supreme ;  
 By one strong impulse all are mov'd,  
 There is no vain distinction then  
 Of sect or creed—all, all are lov'd,  
 Accepted, as becometh men !  
 The proudest heart that ever beat,  
 The proudest she that ever smil'd,  
 When danger comes, are mild and meek,  
 And humble as a nursling child ;  
 Then sister unto brother clings,  
 And woman flies to man's embrace ;  
 Her arms around his neck she flings,  
 And, looking upwards in his face,  
 Her timid eyes protection seek,  
 And find it ere the tongue can speak.  
 E'en bitterest foes on such a night  
 Forget their enmity and spite.

A father was list'ning, a mother was weeping,  
 Her young ones in terror around her were creeping,  
 Hiding their heads in the folds of her dress,  
 Afraid to look out on the wilderness ;  
 (The very dogs to the corners crept  
 And howl'd in tune as the tempest swept.)  
 At every burst, the tempest's roar  
 Came whistling through the crazy door,

They'd start, and check the rising breath  
 With faces pale as ashy death :  
 How steadfastly their eyes were fix'd,  
     As in that awful hour they stood,  
 And gaz'd upon the stubborn pile  
     Of knotty, crackling, blazing wood !  
 The storm without might thousands kill,  
 They felt the fire was heartsome still,—  
 But hark ! again that sound was heard,  
     A low,—a deep and hollow moan,—  
 A wild, wild shriek !—a heavy sigh,—  
     A long-continu'd dying groan !  
 It might be true, and yet they thought  
     It also might be fancy's dream,  
 At such an hour,—in such a storm  
     What will not o'er our senses gleam ?  
 If true, then aid could not be given,  
 'Twere vainly waging war with Heaven !

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The morn had come,—the storm was o'er,—  
 The tearing winds were heard no more ;  
 The sun was shining on the hill,  
 And dancing o'er the frozen rill ;  
 Each tree appear'd a chandelier  
 With pendent crystals bright and clear !  
 That hoary sage the hawthorn tree  
 Seem'd robb'd of his vitality,

But not of his gems, for there they were  
Like jewels twin'd in a dead man's hair !

'Twas painful to the eye that view'd  
The wreck that o'er some vales was strew'd ;  
There many stores of corn and hay  
Were driven by the winds away,  
And many a tree, that yesterday,  
With leaves and branches brown and grey,  
Wav'd proudly on the mountain's brow,  
Now help'd to stem the tide below ;  
And some, whose roots more deeply sunk,  
Show'd nothing but the blasted trunk ;  
And many a cottage where had shone  
The laughing eye, and where the tone  
Of many voices often flow'd  
In song to cheer the lov'd abode,  
The blast had driven to the earth,  
Entombing all their joy and mirth !  
Thatch, roof, and rafters all were gone,  
The ruin'd walls were left alone !  
Where once the peaceful bed was made,  
The drifted snow in heaps was laid.  
Where once the happy maiden slept,  
Her parents, sisters, brothers crept ;  
Their quivering lips most truly told  
That they were perishing with cold !

Cold—very cold,—indeed, they stood  
 Without a home, or fire, or food,  
 And vainly on their fingers breath'd  
 To keep them warm,—the snow that wreath'd  
 Around, made icy tear-drops start  
 And bound the blood within the heart !  
 In sooth, much havoc had been hurl'd,—  
 It seem'd the ruin of a world !

Then shepherds left their vales below,  
 And wander'd 'mid the mountain's snow,  
 To see how all their flocks had sped,  
 How many living left or dead ;  
 And many a sheep that day was found  
 All lifeless lying on the ground,  
 Like grey stones by the mountain's side,  
 Or rocks bleach'd by the ocean's tide ;  
 Some few found shelter in the wood,—  
 And many, death in Carron's flood.  
 Before they came by that deep linn  
 Where unseen rolls the Enterkin,  
 Beside that dreary mountain road,—  
 Far, far from living man's abode,—  
 A corpse was found,—a stiffen'd mass !  
     Stretch'd on his bed of snowy bent,  
 His back to earth,—his latest sigh  
     In vain to Heaven for guidance went—



Oh, who would think that lumbering frame  
 Did once a sentient spirit own,  
 Or dream that cold and frozen brain  
 Was once the soul's exalted throne!  
 The ravens croak'd around his head,  
 And flapp'd their wings with sheer delight,  
 To think such dainty fare was made  
 For them in the storm of yesternight !  
 The carrion-crow with the raven fought ;  
 They sprung and perch'd, and round they flew,  
 So greedy to gorge on the tenderest part,  
 The frozen tongue or the eyeballs blue !  
 As men drew near, they fiercer were,  
 And louder scream'd in wild despair,  
 For they could not see what mortals meant  
 In stealing away the nourishment  
 Which Heaven to them in the storm had sent !

And who is he whom Winter's breath  
 Has wafted to the shores of Death ?  
 Whose is that well-proportion'd form,  
 The victim of the deadly storm ?  
 Oh, ask it not !—my eyes grow dim,—  
 To think such fate should visit *him*  
 Whose mother's alone in a Western Isle,  
 And morning and evening looks over the sea,  
 Praying, " Merciful Heaven, send me my son ;  
 Safely, O safely return him to me ! "

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Ah ! little thinks she that her boy so good  
 Now sleeps in the winter solitude,  
 And never dreams she that her son so brave  
 Will moulder soon in a stranger's grave !

The body was borne to the top of the hill  
 Where the Wanloch arises, a whispering rill,—  
 And further still they carried the dead  
 To a shelter'd part of the hills of lead,  
 Where a deep, deep grave by them was made,  
 In which was the wreck of the traveller laid,  
 To sleep for a season in solitude there  
 At rest from the world, and free from care !

\* \* \* \*

Now he returneth fast to clay  
 Whose life inspired this simple lay,—  
*His* fame the spirit of our song,  
 We need not now the tale prolong,  
 For it would rend your hearts to name  
 The woes that o'er his mother came  
 When first the tidings home were brought,  
 And how they in her senses wrought.  
 As you have seen some lofty tower,  
 The victim of the lightning's power,  
 One moment stand in beauty high,  
 The next in shapeless ruins lie,—

So, ere the truth was half reveal'd,  
 The stricken widow star'd and reel'd,  
 Scream'd forth a wild, hysteric yell,  
 Then rais'd her arms, and deathlike fell!  
 Then godlike reason was o'erthrown,  
 And frenzy sat upon its throne ;  
 And to her weak and troubl'd brain  
 Her senses ne'er return'd again ;  
 Then she for days—two, three or more—  
     Would seem like placid infancy ;  
 And still her walk was by the shore,  
     And still her gaze was on the sea ;  
 She oft would mark a lofty stone,  
 And name it as her Maurice' throne.  
 She thought him now some mighty king,  
     And o'er the sea could view him come,  
 Then crowns of weeds and shells she'd bring  
     To wreathe his brow when he came home,  
 And round her neck she'd hang as beads  
 Bright shells or daisies strung on reeds ;  
 For she in dreams herself had seen  
 Proclaim'd her son's anointed queen !  
 Oft she would after strangers run  
 Inquiring of them for her son,  
 Then pointing upwards to the sky  
 Would show the place he own'd on high ;  
 Then, tittering, quickly turn away  
 With foolish laugh or childish lay !

Now calm as night,—then, wild as war,  
Her piercing shrieks were heard afar.  
With claspèd hands and streaming hair,  
She look'd the picture of despair ;  
Then, in a moment, meek in prayer,  
And, freed from paroxysms wild,  
The pillow fondled as her child.  
For many months she wasting lay  
Upon her bed ; and then the frame  
Beneath its heavy load gave way,  
And faded like a sinking flame.—  
But, ah ! it is a painful tale,  
Before it let us draw the veil.

100

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**

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## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### LOVE AND BEAUTY.

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THE fairer things of earth become  
The nearer they approach decay ;  
Death hides him in their freshest bloom,  
They bud and wither in a day !  
The flower falls,—its hues are gone,  
The fragrance of its life lives on.

I thought that Beauty was Love's shrine—  
That lips, cheeks, eyes, and motion were  
Its ministers, themselves divine,—  
They faded,—still Love linger'd there !  
Youth, Strength, and Beauty quickly fly,  
Love's essence lives and cannot die !



## THE MOURNER'S HOPE.

WHEN sultry noon has faded into eve,  
And cooling breezes round my temples play,  
Wafting sweet odours from the woods and hills,  
I love to wander with my gentle boy ;  
First-born of her who was my youth's delight,  
My manhood's stay, and now is memory's pride.  
How beautiful she was !—how loved by all !—  
Her thoughts how noble, and her deeds how pure !  
Her spirit was too lofty for its frame,  
So lovely, yet so frail,—the heart's delight,  
And yet its fear ;—she lived like some sweet plant,  
That bends its head beneath the noiseless breath  
Of Summer's eve, and ever as it bends  
Throws off a part of life that never dies,  
But gives new joy to others,—feeding all  
That come within the circle of its power :  
Each pearly drop of odour spreading dew  
That falls from out its honied lips, gives drink  
And gladness to the thirsty earth, for thus  
In tenderest love reciprocal they feed  
Each other,—mutual in exchange of gifts,

And richer by exchange. Such was the wife  
 I lov'd,—all hearts in reverence bless'd her name  
 Whose bounty was of Heaven, and so bestow'd  
 That poor recipients could not help but feel  
 They almost granted favour to receive!

Thus was her kindness dealt,—no outward show  
 Of pomp or self-exalting vanity  
 That turns the starving beggar from the door,  
 And ne'er confers a charity on man,  
 Unless the action be with due parade  
 Emblazon'd forth upon the winged sheet  
 That flies around the habitable globe ;  
 But wheresoe'er was darkness and distress,  
 Her searching eye brought light and lasting joy!

Alas ! her day of usefulness is o'er ;  
 In one unguarded moment, while she strove  
 To ease the sufferings of a fainting heart  
 That lay neglected in a wretched cell,  
 Forgetful of herself and where she stood,  
 That wily thief, CONSUMPTION, mark'd its prey,  
 And, with the damp and noisome atmosphere  
 She breathed, he crept into her heart, and spread  
 His poisonous vapours through her azure veins,  
 And, like a friend deceitful, smiling sat  
 Plucking the roses from her comely cheeks,  
 Till Death, with all his melancholy train,

Swept o'er her heart and bore its life away !  
 She slept,—she died,—how cold, how beautiful !  
 The smile upon her marbling cheek was stay'd,  
 And made her to imagination seem  
 The sculptured form of happiness asleep :  
 Like plaintive strains of music borne away  
 Upon the balmy gale of night, that glide  
 So softly into silence, none can tell  
 Where music ends and silence first begins,  
 Her spirit pass'd from earth to dwell with God !

One gloomy coffin, and one narrow grave,  
 In darkness hide the form of her I loved ;  
 And, cradled on her bosom in sweet sleep,  
 Two unblown buds of immortality !  
 Breathe softly o'er their tomb, ye winter winds ;  
 And O, ye summer showers, fall gently down  
 And mingle with the consecrated earth,  
 That kindly feeds the rose-tree planted there,  
 Whose fragrance, like the soul, knows no decay !

O woe is me to mourn my hapless fate !  
 O why has Heaven this heavy burden laid !  
 What wicked crime doth blot this dreary heart,  
 That thus should come so great a punishment ?  
 Alas ! I made an idol of my love,  
 And Heaven, whose rod is mercy, broke the charm,  
 And bore *her* hence, to teach *me* how to live !

Through all this depth of melancholy gloom  
 I see bright rays of never-dying Hope  
 Diverging from my boy,—my noble boy,—  
 For whom my soul's solicitude in prayer  
 To Heaven ascends at morning when I rise,  
 And ere at night I sleep.—O, not in vain !—  
 His little voice is music to my ears,  
 Whene'er with solemn feelings he tells o'er  
 The hymn of eve or morn, or prayer of Christ,  
 His mother's lessons in her dying hour !  
 How beautiful is piety in all !  
 But O ! most beautiful in youthful hearts,  
 Where age may see the image of himself,  
 Stripp'd of the bare decrepitude of years,  
 Look out in spirit from the beaming eye  
 That speaks " Immortal is the human soul !"

I would not load his tender mind with books,  
 But spread before him Nature's glowing page  
 In hope to teach high principles of Love.  
 In all things tracing the result of plan,  
 Of knowledge infinite,—of wisdom vast ;—  
 Beginning with the objects clear to sense,  
 Then rising to the world beyond our view,  
 To treat of things invisible,—sublime,—  
 Of Him, the all-in-all creative mind,  
 The glorious centre of a wondrous world :  
 Thus in the mind would I foundation lay,

To raise a temple consecrate to God,  
A being worthy of the name of Man !

It was but yester-eve my hopeful boy,  
With his fond sire, went rambling slowly on  
Through many scenes that Time has render'd dear.  
Young Memory was alive,—had spread her wings,—  
Had borne me over mountain, moor, and plain,  
And placed me wandering in my native vale,  
Sweet vale of Nith,—the home of peaceful hearts !  
And O ! such pictures of the past she drew,  
As realizes heaven to man on earth !  
The sun was sinking in the glowing west,  
The yellow clouds were floating on the air  
Like ships of gold upon an amber sea,  
Freighted with spirits blest, sailing to heaven.  
The breeze was charg'd with melody, sweet sounds  
From birds, and humming bees returning home,  
Laden with all the riches of the hills  
To cheer the young things in their lonely cells,  
And food in plenty ; store against the time  
When winds blow chill and hills are bleak and bare,  
A lesson most significant to man !  
Anon, the shepherd's pipe, the lowing kine,  
The gentle lambkins bleating in the fold,  
The whistling of the lazy hind, from toil  
Returning with his team, the milkmaid's song,  
The choir of minstrels on their leafy boughs,

The city's hum, the babbling stream, the chime  
Of evening mingling made a concert wild,  
Most natural—most beautiful !

Soon, one by one, these voices died away ;  
Star after star with twinkling eye arose ;  
The new-born moon came climbing up the dome  
Of heaven's ethereal vault ; her languid smiles,  
Though winsome, were as coldly drear as those  
Dim lights which superstitious mortals hang  
With purple flame around the sepulchre ;  
And still I love the quiet twilight moon—  
She cools the fever of my busy brain,  
And in her ceaseless wanderings with one  
Devoted star attendant, seems to me  
The prototype of self.

All nature now was hush'd in sweet repose ;  
The present seem'd the stillness of the grave,  
And sleeping flowers flung out their odorous breath,  
Filling the air and every sense with balm.  
In silent contemplation still I walk'd  
Unfit companion for a lively boy,  
Whose questions rapid as a torrent flow'd,  
Untir'd, untiring. Looking in my face,  
He mark'd the changes thought had written there,  
Then dropp'd my hand and, stooping to the ground,  
Pick'd up a stone and flung it in the air,

Which in its course made music : " Look," he cried,  
 " That senseless stone has more of life and life's  
 Companionship than has my father now."  
 I felt the child's rebuke steal through my heart,  
 And fill its deep recesses with regret.  
 But then he danc'd, he leap'd, he laugh'd, and made  
 My youth return,—I felt, like him, a boy!  
 And now his eyes were fix'd upon a star,  
 Fair Venus, rising in bright loveliness.  
 Gazing intently for a while, he cried,  
 " O that the heavens were indeed my home!  
 Their walls so wide, their roof so blue and high,  
 The windows all so beautifully bright;  
 The sun, the moon, the stars, and that great star  
 So brilliant in itself, is like—" " Like what?"  
 " The diamond glittering on my father's breast;  
 But larger, brighter; every star's a world,  
 A world where angels dwell: if so, O then  
 That star may be my mother's heavenly home,  
 And from that home she watches what we do,—  
 O father, how I wish that I were there!  
 What joy to see again my mother's face,  
 To feel again her hand smoothe down my hair,  
 To feel again her kisses till I slept!"

Wondering, I gazed upon my own dear boy,  
 And clasp'd him to my beating heart,—my child,—  
 How dearly then I loved my darling child!

I brush'd the hair from off his radiant brow,  
 So high, so wide, and kiss'd him with delight,  
 And looking through his beaming eye, beheld  
 His mother's soul reveal'd ; those eyes her own,  
 So full of hope, of piety, of love !  
 I felt her sainted spirit in me burn,  
 I bless'd the mother while I bless'd the child,  
 And, blessing, kiss'd him o'er and o'er, until  
 My heart gave way, and like a child I wept !

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### THE REBUKE.

---

O BE not rash, condemning all !  
 Condemn not one, not one despise ;  
 Whate'er his crime, whate'er his fall,  
 However deep, he still may rise  
 Through timely aid, for aid brings peace,  
 And *that* repentance ;—thus is given  
 To man by God a power on earth  
 To win his erring soul to heaven !



# SPRING.

---

HAIL ! welcome Spring—delightful Spring !  
 Thy joys are all begun,  
 Earth's frozen chain is rent in twain  
 By heaven's glorious sun ;  
 The dews of eve on meadows green,  
 And waving blades of corn,  
 Like diamonds set on emeralds sheen,  
 Are twinkling in the morn.  
 Sweet Spring !

In thee the snow-drop finds a grave,  
 Meanwhile the primrose pale  
 Grows meekly on the sunny bank,  
 The daisy in the vale  
 With golden eye looks beautiful ;  
 Young trees fresh odours fling,  
 Their incense rises to the skies,  
 In worshipping the Spring.  
 Sweet Spring !

All living things that life enjoy  
     Are now instinct with love ;  
 In pairs fond creatures woo on earth,  
     In pairs they woo above ;  
 The echoing woods in music speak  
     When winged minstrels sing,  
 Uniting earth and heaven with song,  
     In welcoming the Spring.  
                                 Sweet Spring !

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter,—all,  
     Their lessons read to man,  
 And teach him sorrow's not the end  
     Of Heaven's benignant plan :  
 However great his cares may be,  
     However deep their sting,  
 Like wintry winds they pass away  
     And welcome glorious Spring.  
                                 Sweet Spring !

### THE EXILE'S DREAM.

---

WHILST I, a homeless exile, slept  
 In far Siberia's dreary clime,  
 I had a dream—a glorious dream,  
 That may be true in future time !

Methought I heard a murmuring hum  
 Of voices like the distant sea,  
 And then ten thousand tongues as one  
 Proclaim'd redemption,—POLAND'S FREE !

I listen'd,—loud and louder still  
 The strain fell on my greedy ear:  
 “ Arise, brave men, your homes are free,—  
 Those homes to love and honour dear ! ”

The despot stood within our power :  
 With stern rebuke we bade him go,  
 And think upon his ruthless deeds,—  
 A punishment of endless wo !

I saw the bauble crown cast down,  
I saw the iron sceptre broke,—  
Our chains fall off ; then with a burst  
Of holiest feeling, I awoke !

O sad reverse ! my limbs were chain'd  
Within a gloomy dungeon drear ;  
I rais'd my voice,—'twas all in vain,  
No sympathising soul was near !

My dizzy brain was all in flame,  
The blood rush'd through it like a stream  
Of liquid fire,—kind Heaven decree  
That this may not be all a dream !

I pray that yet before I die  
Our land's redemption I may see,  
And hail with all a patriot's soul  
The heaven-born star of Liberty !

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## NITH.



O NITH ! my dear romantic stream,  
 Lang may your waters flow  
 In clear and quiet loveliness  
 Without a tale of wo ;  
 Lang may the mists that rise frae ye  
 Fa' in refreshing showers,  
 And bring fresh verdure to your meads,  
 Fresh fragrance to your flowers !

Your course is like the human life,  
 Sae changingly ye rin ;  
*Here* creeping slowly through the vale,  
*There* rolling o'er a linn.  
 Yet as ye wander on your way,  
 All nature smiles on ye ;  
 While countless voices tune your praise,  
 Frae bank, frae bush, and tree !

How oft upon your flowery banks  
 At gloamin' I hae stray'd,  
 Wi' Mary, blushing, young, and fair,  
 My ain kind, gentle maid ;  
 How oft beneath the trysting-tree  
 Thegither we hae stood,  
 An' gazed upon the moon's bricht ray,  
 Clear, flickering in thy flood !

'Twas on your banks that first we met,—  
 Soft, murmuring did ye flow ;  
 'Twas there I stole the first fond kiss,  
 'Twas there we seal'd the vow :  
 Whilst with our lips our troth we pledged,  
 Mair lovely did ye seem ;  
 We felt, ye smiled approvingly,  
 Dear Nith, beloved stream !

The flowers may fade upon your banks,  
 The breckan on the brae,  
 But O ! the love I hae for thee  
 Shall never pass away :  
 Though age may wrinkle this smooth brow,  
 And youth be like a dream,  
 Still, still my voice to Heaven shall rise  
 For blessings on your stream !

MARGARET.  

---

THE moon is shining, Margaret,  
Serenely bright above,  
And, like my dearest Margaret,  
Her every look is love !  
The trees are waving, Margaret,  
And balmy is the air ;  
Where flowers are breathing, Margaret,  
Come, let us wander there !

The gentle river, Margaret,  
Is murmuring low and deep ;  
'Tis Nature's music, Margaret,  
Singing the world to sleep.  
Its winding way, my Margaret,  
You ever love to see ;  
Come, come, my own dear Margaret,  
And wander there with me !

---

How proud am I, sweet Margaret,  
Thus wandering by thy side ;  
'Tis bliss to know, my Margaret,  
Thou soon wilt be my bride !  
Yes ! there 's a hand, dear Margaret,  
A heart it gives to thee ;  
When Heaven is false, my Margaret,  
Then I will faithless be !

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# TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

---

Read at a Meeting held in commemoration of the Poet's Birth.

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IMMORTAL Bard,—immortal Burns,  
 The Patriot and the Prince of Song,  
 When Friends are met shall they forget  
 The honours which to thee belong?  
 Immortal Burns !

In every land where truth is known,  
 The musings of thy godlike mind  
 In strains of melting love have flown  
 To fraternise the human kind,  
 Immortal Burns !

Thy lays have sear'd the tyrant's heart  
 Like flaming bars of hottest steel,  
 But raised the poor to know their right,  
 To think as men,—as men to feel,—  
 Immortal Burns !

When light and hope, and reason die,  
And darkness shrouds the face of day,  
And all things fade,—O, only then  
Shall Scotland's Bard in fame decay,  
Immortal Burns !

With reverent silence we will fill  
A cup whene'er this day returns,  
And pledge the memory of the Bard,  
The Bard of Nature—Robert Burns,  
Immortal Burns !

## COILA.

TO THE SAME.

Also read at a Meeting held in commemoration of the Poet's Birth.

AGAIN,—again assembled here,  
 Are men with hearts and souls sincere,  
 And eyes whose lustre with a tear  
     Is dimm'd for him of Coila ;  
 Yes ! here again a chosen few  
 Shall pay the grateful homage due  
 To him, the gentle, kind, and true,  
     Who sweetly sung in Coila !

A titled sumph was not his lot :  
 His birth-place was the peasant's cot :  
 When men have dotard kings forgot,  
     They'll think of him and Coila.  
 He knew no rules, nor studied art,  
 By which his lays might reach the heart ;  
 Of Genius' self he seem'd a part—  
     A genius born in Coila !

And as for laws, he needed none ;  
 His thoughts were laws,—ay, every one,—  
 And universal as the sun

That softly beams in Coila ;  
 And nations yet unborn shall raise  
 Their voices tun'd to notes of praise  
 Of him whose thoughts were turn'd always  
 On Liberty and Coila !

But where are they who made him wink  
 At things that were, nor *dare to think*,  
 But *WORK*, and thus coercive sink  
 The mighty mind of Coila ?  
 Yes ! where are they ?—You may ask where.—  
 In deepest gloom, or wheresoe'er  
 Base souls are found, you'll find them there,  
 But not with him of Coila !

If ye his fame in truth would see,  
 Go search among the brave—the free :  
 There mark the freest soul,—tis he  
 Who loves the bard of Coila !  
 When hearts enslav'd for freedom glow,  
 They feel their wrongs, and strike the blow,  
 Are *free* !—Go, learn who taught them so ;  
 They'll shout,—a voice from Coila !

The wand'ring exile doom'd to roam  
 O'er deserts wild,—o'er Ocean's foam,—  
 Far,—far from friendship, love and home,  
     Is still consoled by Coila !  
 He thinks not on the arid plains,  
 Nor fever raging in his veins,  
 For crooning o'er old Scotia's strains  
     He deems himself in Coila !

When virgin bosoms pant with love,  
 And dream of bliss whene'er they rove  
 By winding stream or balmy grove,  
     O ! then they think of Coila.  
 With passion quivering through the brain  
 They strive to speak, but ah ! how vain,  
 'Till Burns with magic rends the chain—  
 For who could willing love explain,  
     Like him, the bard of Coila ?

Whene'er the social few unite  
 To spend in joy the festive night,  
 The wit and wisdom dazzling bright  
     Are borrow'd beams from Coila !  
 Whate'er his theme, the Poet shone ;  
 The lyre he struck was all his own ;  
 'Tis broken now,—the Bard is gone,—  
     And Genius weeps o'er Coila !

# TO THE MEMORY OF GODWIN.

Written on the Anniversary of his Birth-day.

DEAD ! is he dead ? stern advocate of truth,  
 Godwin the just, the generous, the good ?  
 No ! Godwin lives, and every man and youth,  
 Whose soul with love for liberty's imbued,  
 Will ever honour him with reverent gratitude.

His mind was like a meteor in the sky,  
 Beaming in brightness through the hazy gloom  
 Of error—showing chain'd humanity  
 Its noblest path to freedom, and its doom.  
 To Truth he rais'd a fane on Custom's mouldering  
 tomb.

When kings and priests, and parasites, as wind  
 Have past into oblivion dark and drear,  
 Godwin shall reign in every thinking mind.  
 Whilst truth and wisdom unto man are dear,  
 His name from many eyes shall draw joy's strickling tear.

To him shall unborn nations look with joy ;—  
 His noble works are like a mighty stream,  
 Sweeping before them vices that alloy,  
 Till glowing hearts with spring-like freshness teem.  
 Where once corruption grew, shall fruitful knowledge  
 beam.

Hail to the morn that gave the patriot birth,  
 Hail to His genius—it shall perish never ;  
 Whilst time and tide roll on, or moves the earth,  
 Godwin from men's best feelings nought can sever ;  
 His soul is in his works, and they shall live for ever !

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#### A THOUGHT.

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OUR lives like waves in quick succession rise,  
 And heave, and roll, and break upon the shore ;  
 Youth follows childhood, manhood follows youth,  
 Old age succeeds, then death, and all is o'er !

Or like the peals of some far-distant bell,  
 Knell follows knell, and chime succeeds to chime,  
 Death follows life,—life ever springs from death :  
 Thus endlessly revolves the chain of Time !

## A POOR MAN'S JOYS.



I ENVY not the world's wealth,  
Nor mingle in its strife ;  
I'm happy in my lowly home,  
My children, and my wife :  
Their cheering presence fills my heart  
With gladness day and night ;  
Approving smiles from those we love  
Make hardest labour light.

To feel a kiss from anxious lips  
Imprinted on my brow,  
Brings more of happiness, dear wife,  
Than princes ever know !  
To hear our children laugh, and see  
Them playing on the floor,  
O this, Maria, makes us feel  
We never can be poor !



Our books are Nature's flowery vales,  
And heathery mountains high,—  
The waving woods,—the foaming tides,—  
And Heaven's bespangled sky ;  
Our music is the song of birds,  
The humming of the bees,  
The music of the murmuring streams,  
The music of the trees !

Our pilgrimage on earth, dear wife,  
Soon—very soon—may cease ;  
We're thankful still for many days  
Of bounteous love and peace :  
Through life we have united been ;  
And this I only pray,  
One balmy gale at last may bear  
Our souls in bliss away !

THE WIDOW.

---

A widow o'er her child with all  
A mother's fondness hung,  
And drank, as life and hope, the air  
Its lips in breathing flung  
Around the quiet chamber where  
The little dreamer slept ;  
And down her paly cheek a tear,  
Half joy,—half sorrow,—crept.

Awhile she stood,—awhile she knelt  
In attitude of prayer,  
And gazed on Heaven, for well she knew  
The widow's strength was there !  
Again she look'd upon her child,  
And then she look'd above,  
As if contending feelings strove  
To gain her highest love.

Then gently on the infant's brow  
A mother's kiss was press'd,  
While in a tender-whispering tone  
The sleeper she address'd :—  
“ Asleep, thou hast thy father's smile ;  
Awake, thy playful eye  
Expresses all that his express'd  
When one he loved was by.

“ Thy earliest words shall rise, my boy,  
To bless his honour'd name :  
O may thy voice be sweet as his,  
Thy life as free from blame !  
Eternal Father, shield my child,  
Protect my orphan boy ;  
As he is now the widow's pride,  
Keep him the widow's joy ! ”

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MARY.

---

THE vernal blossoms, budding fair,  
 Were not so fair as Mary ;  
 The sweetest sounds that charm the air  
 Were far excell'd by Mary :  
 Her looks awoke the poet's strain ;  
 He look'd, admired, and look'd again :  
 The wisdom beaming from her brain  
 Made sages yield to Mary !

The summer breathing odours sweet  
 Were ever sweet to Mary ;  
 And Autumn made her joy complete ;  
 So happy then was Mary !  
 Young Love was cherish'd in her breast ;  
 Her lover's wishes all confess'd,  
 Within his arms supremely bless'd,  
 Most bless'd of maids was Mary !

But winter's chilling blasts have come,  
And winter's come to Mary ;  
Black desolation marks the home  
Of the once blithesome Mary !  
All weary now she sits alone ;  
Friends dearest,—kindred,—all are gone :  
The sleepless night-wind's plaintive moan  
Companion meet for Mary !

## MAY.



RICH fragrance fills the dewy air,—

Come, dearest, let's away,

And in its gladness drown our care,

For this is merry May!

The merry month—the merry month—

The joyous month of May!

Kind Nature brings

Her sweetest things

To welcome merry May!

Glad music flows from hill and tree,

Birds, carolling in the air,

Pour forth a stream of melody,

To charm us everywhere.

Oh, the month—the merry month—

The tuneful month of May!

From woods and plains

Rise cheerful strains

To greet the Queen of May!

The gamesome lambs around their dams  
 Are bounding in their play ;  
 Shall we be sad, nor seem as glad,  
 Dear Margaret, as they ?  
 In this sweet month—this dearest month—  
 This cheering month of May—  
     Shall we alone,  
     'Neath heaven's bright zone,  
 Be sorrowful in May ?

But fairest things at last must fade,  
 And mould'ring pass away ;  
 And so must we ;—yet love shall be  
 To us an endless May.  
 Oh, the month—the merry month—  
 The charming month of May !  
     True love shall be,  
     To thee and me,  
 A long, unchanging MAY !

## THE MANIAC.



THE maniac raised her shatter'd form  
Upon the humble bed,  
And, stretching forth her meagre arm,  
In trembling accents said :—  
“ Dear mother, my sad heart is faint,  
Some drink I pray thee bring ;  
And what will cool this burning pain  
Like water from the spring ?

“ Oh this is sweet !—’tis very sweet !  
I fain would drink again ;  
I feel it trickling here, and here,  
All through my heart and brain !  
Now, mother, bring me budding flowers,  
And branches young and green ;  
I’ll make my love the fairest crown  
That poet e’er has seen.



" I'll bind it with my silken hair,  
     And, mother, it shall be,  
 When placed upon his lofty brow,  
     Most beautiful to see !  
 My lips shall every leaf embalm,  
     The humblest shall not fade ;  
 My tears anneal'd, like living stars,  
     Shall sparkle on his head."

The mother heard, obey'd, and smiled,  
     So glad was she to find  
 That reason's holy light again  
     Shone o'er her daughter's mind.  
 " 'Tis finish'd, mother !—Oh, my heart  
     Feels glad,—I know not why !  
 Thou'lt tell how truly I have lov'd,  
     Nor shrunk when death was nigh !

" Thou'lt place this on his head, I know ;  
     'Twill inspiration bring :  
 How happy they who then will hear  
     How mournfully he'll sing !  
 His looks—methinks I see them now—  
     Fall tenderly on me :  
 His image fills my weary eyes—  
     I nothing else can see !"

That beam of bright intelligence,—  
 A pure celestial ray  
 Of heavenly light,—no longer shone,  
 But, darkening, pass'd away :  
 The eye resumed its wonted glare,—  
 As meaningless its gaze,  
 And cold, as when through icy balls  
 The glimmering moonbeam plays !

A few short hours she silent sate,  
 Then heav'd a fearful sigh ;  
 And, staring into vacancy  
 With frenzy-burning eye,  
 Exclaim'd, " Ah ! what art thou, dread form ?  
 Hurl not thy dart at me !  
 Thou hast !—Ah me ! my lover's song  
 Brings immortality !"

LINES  
ON MR. JOHNSTON'S PICTURE OF  
"THE ORPHAN."

---

FAIR-HEADED boy, my heart can read  
The thoughts that through thy bosom flow ;  
Thy grief is not a common grief ;  
Thou look'st the poetry of woe !

To many minds thou lonely seem'st  
Beside that cold sepulchral stone :  
—Thy thoughts hold converse with thy God ;  
O thou can'st never be alone !

This is no vain illusion, boy ;  
Those rays that on thy temples rest  
Are sent from Heaven to cheer thee on ;  
They, voiceless, tell how love is blest !

## MARY MILLIGAN.



MY bonny Mary Milligan,  
 Twal dreary years hae gane  
 Sin' we twa youngers through the woods  
 Were wandering alane ;  
 Were wandering alane in loe,  
 As blythe as blythe could be ;  
 I saw nae lass I loed but ane,  
 An', Mary, it was ye.

Your hair was like the raven sheen,  
 Like brichtest stars your e'e,  
 And white as newly-drifted snaw  
 Your bosom seem'd to me ;  
 Your voice was like the music made  
 By birdies on the tree,  
 Sae cheerie, Mary Milligan,  
 Were a' your words to me.

O bonny Mary Milligan,  
 Ye'd lay your loof in mine,  
 An' I wi' loe an' innocence  
 Wad press your fingers fine !  
 When on my breast your bonny brow  
 To rest a wee ye'd lean,  
 Wi' very joy our hearts wad melt,  
 An' tears fill baith our e'en.

There we wad sit in ecstasy,  
 But ne'er a word we spak' ;  
 An' O the ties that Nature bound  
 She surely wunna break !  
 Time, Space, and Memory only make  
 Ye through the distance seem  
 In beauty, like the heavenly things  
 We whiles see in a dream.

But Fortune's ever-shifting wheel  
 Has changefu' been to me,  
 And, bonny Mary Milligan,  
 Has turn'd me far frae ye ;  
 Has turn'd me far awa, my luv,  
 Across the foamy sea ;  
 But, bonny Mary Milligan,  
 My heart's at hame wi' ye !

## CHILDHOOD.

I LOVE thee, Childhood!—happy time  
Of innocence and bliss,  
When life is lovely and serene,  
All peace and joyfulness!  
Ere bitter cares corrode the heart,  
Or sorrows dim the eye;  
Before the head hath known deceit,  
The bosom learnt to sigh!

I saw a child one morn in June  
Run wildly o'er the lea;  
He chas'd the flitting butterfly,  
Play'd with the honey-bee;  
Enraptur'd when he heard on high  
The skylark's tuneful strain;  
He look'd above and clapp'd his hands,  
And laugh'd and laugh'd again!

The bubbles on the rippling stream  
With eagerness he clasp'd,  
And wonder'd why the floating gems  
Should vanish as he grasp'd.  
Sad emblem this of human hopes ;  
Fond expectations rare  
And beautiful fade with a touch,  
And leave us in despair !

Sweet child ! may thy young heart be still  
With innocence imbued ;  
Mayst thou have never cause to mourn  
At man's ingratitude !  
May life be like a summer's day,  
All smiling, warm, and bright ;  
And may thy love, like sunny rays,  
Fill many with delight !

## SONG.

---

THE setting sun throws o'er the sea  
A glorious golden chain,  
Uniting lands in bonds of love,  
To war no more again :  
Or is't a cheering smile from Heaven  
Borne o'er the glowing tide,  
To bless two fondly-loving hearts  
Now beating side by side ?

I am a child of Scotland's wild  
And rugged mountains blue ;  
Of England's wide and fertile plains,  
The fairest child are you.  
By Heaven's example thus we join  
In love our father-lands ;  
No friend is he to thee or me  
Who'd burst the holy bands.



But what are country, friends, or home,  
Since, wheresoe'er we move,  
Our two fond hearts will there create  
A world of joyous love?  
Thy beaming eye shall be its light,  
Thy voice its melody;  
Thy breath as sweet as new-mown hay  
Its atmosphere shall be.

## BALLAD.

---

OH ! ask not why I sigh, lady,—  
Ask not why I sigh !  
Inquire not why the burning tear  
Is trickling from my eye !

My heart is full of pain, lady,  
Its pulse is weak and slow ;  
The earth will soon close over one  
So deeply sunk in woe !

I've drain'd the cup of bitterness ;  
Much sorrow hath been mine ;  
These eyes, so dim and vacant now,  
Once sparkled bright as thine.

This furrow'd cheek, that now appears  
So ashy and so pale,  
Once own'd a blushing bloom as fair  
As flowers in yonder vale.

Those hues have faded now, lady,  
 No trace of them is here ;  
 Each furrow'd line denotes a pang  
 Of sorrow most severe.

These trembling limbs, so feeble now,  
 So helpless, and so frail,  
 Once bore me lightly as a fawn  
 Across the daisied vale.

'Tis sweet to think upon those days  
 When thoughtlessly I stray'd  
 O'er hills, through vales and woody dales,  
 A happy mountain maid.

Those times have pass'd away, lady,  
 Nor long have pass'd away,—  
 And yet they seem but like a dream  
 Of childhood's sunny day ;

Or like some soft melodious strain,  
 Borne on the passing wind,  
 Which, though it in the distance die,  
 Still lives within the mind.

My heart too soon was made to feel  
 The joy of joys the sweetest ;  
 But fondest love, like fairest flower,  
 I found to fade the fleetest.

His words were fair,—I thought sincere,—  
 And fair the fame he bore ;  
 And, as he spoke in accents kind,  
 I lov'd him more and more !

I lov'd him more and more, lady ;  
 Oh ! was I then to blame  
 If my young heart with pleasure beat  
 Whene'er he breathed my name ?

He said he lov'd,—I thought him true ;  
 I knew I felt the same ;  
 And, oh ! how fondly cherish'd I  
 That sympathetic flame !

To meet him wheresoe'er he chose  
 I never was afraid ;  
 Nor thought I he could e'er deceive  
 A fond, confiding maid.

And when he clasp'd me to his heart,  
 What ! what could I deny ?  
 Unhappy fate ! that warm embrace  
 Hath brought me here to die !

Yet, oh ! I am ashamed to tell  
 Thee all my bitter woes ;  
 The very thought doth cause my blood  
 To curdle as it flows !

My cruel love forgot his vows ;  
 My father did deny  
 Me as his child ; my mother too  
 Unfeelingly pass'd by.

My brother,—ay, my sister dear,  
 Look'd cold, and would not speak :  
 Oh, pardon, lady ! pardon—more !—  
 I think my heart will break !

My lover——“ Why that tender name ?  
 He was thy greatest ill.”—  
 Oh say not, dearest lady, so !  
 I feel I love him still.

When lover, parents, kindred, all  
 Had turn'd me from the door,  
 I murmur'd not, but wander'd forth,  
 My only home—the moor !

I was alone ;—the smiling sun  
 Set sweetly o'er the wild ;  
 Next morn, alas ! he dawn'd upon  
 A mother and her child !

I hugg'd it closely in my arms,  
 And gazed upon its face ;  
 Fair emblem of a mother's love,  
 And of a sire's disgrace.

Its tiny lips the nipple press'd,  
 No nourishment was there ;  
 He feebly sunk, while I, distress'd,  
 Bent o'er him in despair.

Had he been born where 'twas his right,  
 He might have been the pride  
 Of thousands ;—but—the child of shame—  
 He unprotected died !

Beneath yon widely-branching elm  
 He lies in grave most rude ;  
 More blest than I, he ne'er will feel  
 Man's base ingratitude !

Oh ! now I feel this yielding frame  
 Sinks 'neath its load of care !  
 I have but one request, lady—  
 My last, my dying prayer !

When I am dead, let me be laid  
 Beside my hapless child ;  
 There shall we rest in slumber sweet,  
 Though buried in the wild !

## NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.



“HEY, my bonny wee lassie,  
 Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,  
 Will ye wed a canty carle,  
 Bonny, bonny wee lassie ?

“I hae sheep an’ I hae kye,  
 I hae wheat an’ I hae rye,  
 An’ heaps of siller lass forbye,  
 That ye shall spen’ wi’ me, lassie !  
 Hey, my bonny wee lassie,  
 Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,  
 Will ye wed a canty carle,  
 Bonny, bonny wee lassie ?

“Ye shall dress in damasks fine,  
 My gowd an’ gear shall a’ be thine,  
 And I to ye be ever kind,  
 Say,—will ye marry me, lassie ?  
 Hey, my bonny wee lassie,  
 Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,  
 Ye will wed a canty carle,—  
 Bonny smiling wee lassie.”

“ Gae hame, auld man, an’ darn your hose,  
 Fill up your lanky sides wi’ brose,  
 An’ at the ingle warm your nose,  
 But come na courtin’ me, carle.—  
     O ye claverin auld carle,  
     Silly, claverin auld carle,  
     The hawk an’ doo shall pair, I trow,  
     Before I pair wi’ ye, carle !

“ Your heart is cauld an’ hard as stanes,  
 Ye hae nae marrow in your banes,  
 An’ siller canna buy the brains  
     That pleasure gies to me, carle !  
     O ye tottering auld carle,  
     Silly, claverin auld carle,  
     The hound an’ hare may seek ae lair,  
     But I’ll no sleep wi’ ye, carle !

“ I winna share your gowd wi’ ye,  
 Your withering heart an’ watery ee ;  
 In death I’d sooner shrouded be,  
     Than wedded to ye, auld carle !  
     O ye tottering auld carle,  
     Silly, claverin auld carle,  
     When roses blaw on wreaths o’ snaw  
     I’ll bloom upon your breast, carle !



“ But there’s a lad, an’ I’m his ain,  
May Heaven blessings on him rain !  
Though plackless, he is unco fain,  
And he’s the man for me, carle !  
O youth an’ age can ne’er agree ;  
Though rich, you’re no the man for me :  
Gae hame, auld man, prepare to die ;  
Pray Heaven to be your bride, carle ! ”

## SONG.

MARIA was bonny an' blythsome as ony,  
 'Mang a' things o' nature the fairest was she ;  
 Her parents they flyted, because that she slighted  
 The LAIRD wi' his fame an' his titles sae hie.

" Ye gawkie, what gars ye gae loe that bit callan,  
 When ye, in your silks an' your satins sae braw,  
 As lady o' WROTHAM may ride in your carriage,  
 Wi' gowd in your coffers an' wealth in your ha' ?"

Thus spake her auld mither ; and next came her father,  
 In pride disappointed, oh, angry was he !  
 ' The dochter wha weds 'gainst the will o' her sire  
 On earth, e'en in *heaven* accursed shall be !"

I loe ye, my father—I loe ye, my mither,  
 My duty has ever been yours frae my birth ;  
 But now it is Willie's,—if lo'eing him dearly  
 Be sinning in HEAVEN, 'tis pleasant on earth.

“ The laird may hae riches, an’ title, an’ splendour,  
 An’ lands stretching out mony miles frae the sea ;  
 But vain are his riches, and vainer his grandeur,  
 Compared wi’ the kiss that my WILLIE can gie.”

Oh, fathers and mithers, in right o’ their station,  
 May preach an’ beseech till the day that they dee ;  
 But loe it will creep in when parents are sleeping,  
 An’ bask in the beams o’ a bonny bricht e’e.

The nicht it was dreary, the auld folks were weary  
 (But loe never doses, nor slumbers ava) ;  
 The lassie she fled to the arms o’ her deary,  
 And now she is Willie’s in spite o’ them a’.

## MY LOVE.



MY love is fair beyond compare,  
 And, oh ! my love is kind ;  
 Her heart 's the throne of gentleness,  
 And Heaven illumines her mind.  
     A halo round her temple shines,  
     Dissolving dark despair ;  
 Beneath the sun there is not one  
     In beauty half so fair.

Whene'er with maiden bashfulness,  
 She turns her looks on me ;  
 Then seem her eyes like mirror'd stars  
 When trembling in the sea.  
     With looks so kind they ever beam,  
     Dissolving dark despair ;  
 Beneath the sun there is not one  
     In beauty half so fair.

When first I listen'd to the strain  
That from her sweet lips fell,  
It chain'd in love my every sense,  
And bound me like a spell ;  
A stream of richest music came,  
Dissolving dark despair ;  
Beneath the sun there is not one  
In beauty half so fair.

## THE TOCHER.

“ I HAE na for your dochter,  
    High titles, lan', or gear !  
I hae na for your dochter,  
    A thousand pounds a year ;  
But I can share, 'gin she'll be mine,  
    A heart that's leal and true,  
An honest pride o' honest worth,  
    That princes canna boo ;  
A head to think, and hands to work,  
    Are a' I promise ye :  
And they shall work your dochter's weal  
    Until the hour I die.”

“ You're welcome to my dochter,  
    Sae bonny, young, and fair,  
You're welcome to my dochter,  
    Oh cherish her wi' care ;

And if she makes as gude a wife  
As mine has done to me,  
Your fortune ye will never rue,  
But happy ever be ;  
For *duty* guides my dochter's heart,  
Wi' joy to you I give her :  
The *worthy* choice a dochter makes,  
A parent shouldna sever."

"I DINNA KEN WHAT IS THE MATTER AVA."

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"I DINNA ken what is the matter ava,  
 I canna tell what is the matter ava,  
 For somehow or other I've got sic a thraw,  
 O I canna think what is the matter ava !

"Ae nicht at the gloamin', when herding the kye,  
 The canty young laird o' Drumshinnoch came by ;  
 He kiss'd me sae often, that ever sin syne  
 I'm sure that my senses have never been mine !  
 I dinna ken, &c., &c.

"My father an' mother an' sisters an' a  
 May kiss till they're tired, it's like naething ava ;  
 But aye when the lips o' the laird gied a smack,  
 My heart it was loupin' as if it wad break !  
 I dinna ken, &c., &c.



“ My roupit auld grannie says gi’ing a kiss  
 To a callan is wrang, but I ken it is bliss ;  
 There’s muckle o’ pleasure but naething o’ pain,—  
 Were he here at this moment I’d kiss him again !

I dinna ken, &c., &c.

“ Wi’ the kye i’ the byre, or the sheep on the hill,  
 The laird like a shadow is haunting me still,  
 An’ e’en on my pillow, as dreamin’ I lie,  
 I think him aside me, I canna tell why !

I dinna ken, &c., &c.

“ Yestre’en my douce mither an’ I were alane,  
 I tauld her the story again an’ again ;  
 She laughingly answer’d, scarce able to stan’,  
 ‘ Ye claverin’ hissie, ye’re wanting a man !

I dinna ken, &c., &c.

“ ‘ Mind, lassie, whenever he’s wantin’ a kiss,  
 Your tongue maun say *no*, though your ee’s looking ye  
 ‘Gin ever he speaks about marriage ava,  
 Look down to the groun’, wi’ a sigh saying na !

I dinna ken, &c., &c.

“ ‘ Remember, dear Jeanie, ye keep my advice ;  
 He’ll loe ye the mair for denyin’ him twice ;  
 But venture nae farther, I pray ye tak’ tent,  
 While hummin’ an’ ha’ing, be sure ye consent.’

I dinna ken, &c., &c.

The high in the warl' may do as they choose,  
 My heart it is honest, I canna refuse ;  
 'orgetting the sin o't, what gude can there be  
 saying *no*, when ye ken ye are tellin' a lie !

I dinna ken, &c., &c.

My mither may talk as she likes about ' No,'  
 though the word were salvation I could na say so ;  
 When Willie e'er speaks about marriage again,  
 Our auld Parish Priest shall make Jeanie his ain !

For noo I ken what is the matter an' a,  
 For noo I ken what is the matter an' a ;  
 I want to get married to Willie that's a',  
 And naething beside is the matter ava !"

## AFFECTION.



O HAE ye seen my auld gude man,  
 O hae ye seen my Johnny?  
 It's heaven to a woman's e'e  
 To look on sic as Johnny!

The daisies growin' on the lea,  
 Sae modestly an' bonny,  
 How sweetly aye they smile on me,  
 When I am wi' my Johnny!  
 In youth I buxom was an' braw,  
 Had wealthy wooers mony;  
 For honest loe I turn'd frae a',  
 An' buckled wi' my Johnny!  
 O hae ye seen my auld gude man,  
 O hae ye seen my Johnny?  
 It's heaven to a woman's e'e  
 To look on sic as Johnny!

Our bairns like blossoms round a tree  
     Hae grown about us thriving,  
 'Twould glad your heart could ye but see  
     How they for us are striving !  
 As hirpling down the hill o' life,  
     What happiness it gies us,  
 To see our bairnies, young an' auld,  
     Sae eydent strive to please us !  
     O hae ye seen my auld gude man,  
         O hae ye seen my Johnny ?  
     It's heaven to a woman's e'e  
         To look on sic as Johnny !

O mony a joyous nicht an' day  
     I've shared wi' my auld crony ;  
 Come weal, come wae, O come what may—  
     I'll ever bless my Johnny !  
 His look sae kind, his e'e sae bright,  
     His brow sae high an' bonny,  
 Auld Nature vows she has na might  
     To mak' another Johnny !  
     O hae ye seen my auld gude man,  
         O hae ye seen my Johnny ?  
     His loe is life an' mair to me,  
         My *life o' life* is Johnny !

“THE BUD IS ON THE BOUGH.”

---

“THE bud is on the bough,  
 And the blossom on the tree ;”  
 But the bud and the blossom  
 Bring no joyousness to me.  
 Wall’d up within the city’s gloom,  
 No pleasure can I know,  
 But like a caged linnet sing  
 To chase away my woe !

The bud will grow a blossom,  
 The blossom will grow pale,  
 And as they die the fruit will spring,  
 But fall when o’er the vale  
 Stern Winter marches with his train  
 In every wind that blows,  
 And I, unripe, with ripest fruit,  
 May in the dust repose.

But Spring upon the seed will breathe,  
The seed become a tree,  
And on the tree so beautiful  
Shall bud and blossom be :  
And shall I know a second Spring?  
Yes ! brighter far than they ;  
When age puts on the blush of youth,  
And youth shall not decay !

## THE CAMPANULA.



FROM humblest things if we would read,  
 Deep lessons we might learn ;  
 In plants and flowers a likeness man  
 May to himself discern.

In thee, my lov'd Campanula,  
 Resemblances are found  
 To human life, and everywhere  
 In Nature such abound.

Few months have pass'd since by the woods  
 Or hedgerows on the plain  
 Thou grew'st with smiling friends around,  
 Fed by the winds and rain.

From thence the envious hand of man  
 Did tear thee from thy own  
 Abode of happiness, to droop  
 And wither all alone !

Few weeks indeed have pass'd since thou  
 First knew this quiet room ;  
 How sad to think this scene of life  
 Should now become thy tomb !

Once on thy graceful stem I saw  
 Green leaves and blossoms wave ;  
 Now where are they ?—leaves, flowers, and seed  
 Are sleeping in the grave.

And there thou standest all alone  
 In silent sorrow bent,  
 And in thy form is seen reveal'd  
 Thy seed's sad monument.

And are there not in human life  
 Scenes much akin to thine  
 In every stage ?—the lesson sure  
 Is beautiful—divine !

How many a buoyant youth's beguil'd,  
 By fortune or renown,  
 To leave his healthy native hills  
 To wither in the Town !

How many a sire in pride of heart  
 Has been rejoiced to see  
 His children clust'ring round him grow  
 As thy flowers grew on thee !



And, like thy fate, has liv'd to see  
His firmest friendships die,  
And, in the cold and silent grave,  
Beloved offspring lie !

Stripp'd bare of all his budding hopes,  
By age and sorrow bent  
Upon their graves,—and seems, like thee,  
His seed's sad monument !

“PRIDE MAUN LEARN TO FA’.”

---

THE lasses are surely gaen gyte,  
 Sic maigrims come into their heads,  
 An’ mak’ them sae saucy an’ proud  
 They wunna e’en mak’ their ain beds.  
 The mither rins but an’ rins ben ;  
 The mither, too, may muck the byre,  
 But meanwhile the dochters sae fine  
 Do naething but whinge by the fire !

Och on ! it’s a desperate thing,  
 I dree it will ruin us a’,  
 An’ sorrow on ilka ane bring ;  
 But “Pride maun learn to fa’ !”

There’s Peggy and Jessy and Jean,  
 An’ claverin supple-back’d Nell,  
 By flowering o’ kirtles for leddies  
 They think they are leddies themsel’ ;

H 2

Wi' feathers an' flounces an' fans,  
 O wow! but they think they look braw,  
 And strut as despising the grun';  
 But "Pride maun learn to fa'!"

Och on! &c.

If chancely a callan comes near,  
 A lad who's o' their ain degree,  
 They geck up their heads wi' a sneer,  
 "How daur ye be fashing wi' me?"  
 Unless he's a laird or a priest  
 They winna look on him ava,  
 Or a doctor or lawyer at least;  
 But "Pride maun learn to fa'!"

Och on! &c.

The time has been seen when a queen  
 Wad doun frae her throne step, sae hie,  
 To wed wi' a lad she could loe,  
 Though come o' a humble degree.  
 O sirs! how the warl' is chang'd,  
 There's naething but *leddies* ava,  
 Sin' *women* they scorn to be ca'd;  
 But "Pride maun learn to fa'!"

Och on! &c.

When the roses hae fa'en frae the cheek,  
 The light'nin' has quitted the e'e,  
 And shins growin' skinny an' weak,  
 I trow she will then stoop a wee,  
 And sooner than die an auld maid,  
 Wha's comforts are, truly, but sma',  
 She'll e'en wi' a cadger coup creels—  
 He's better than naething ava!

Och on! it's an excellent thing,  
 An' should be a lesson to a',  
 That whether in cotter or king,  
 "Pride—pride maun learn to fa'."

“ YE CRUEL POWERS.”

---

YE cruel powers of keenest pain  
With malice deep and strong,  
Why pour your vengeance thus on one  
Who never did you wrong?  
Unless that in her kindness she  
Has robb'd you of your sting;  
And this is the revenge ye seek,  
The sorrow that ye bring.

But, oh, hurl down your ire, and let  
Your fiercest arrows flee,  
There reigns a power within her soul  
That's stronger still than ye;—  
A power that foils your fiercest wrath,  
And triumphs o'er the grave;  
Reliance on the faith of Him  
Who mighty is to save.

## SONG.

---

OH, life it is dreary,  
How dreary to me!  
Of life I am weary  
When parted frae ye.  
Then say the word, lassie,  
And banish my pain;  
Come, answer me, Jessie,  
Will ye be my ain?

Death feeds on your silence,  
But why need I fear?  
Sin' the voice in your smile,  
An' the tongue in your tear,  
Are speakin' your feelings  
In language divine,—  
“Be faithful, dear Robin,  
And Jessie is thine!”

“ Thus on your bonny brow,  
Thus, too, on your cheek,  
I seal my devotion,  
For words are owre weak;  
Through life wi’ its changes,  
Dear Jessie, we’ll prove  
How blest are the beings  
United by love ! ”

## LINES WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

---

AROUND our home the winter's storm  
Its fearful conflict wages,  
While in my poor devoted frame  
Intensest fever rages :  
But storm without, nor fire within,  
Can sink the heart in sadness,  
Or change the sunshine of my life  
To melancholy madness !

Untiring love upon me waits,  
A wife's devout attention,  
That every want anticipates  
Ere lips their wish can mention :  
While love remains, the bed of pain  
Is chang'd to one of pleasure,  
It tries the truth of early vows,  
And proves the heart a treasure.



When Nature gave my love her life,  
    She then brought forth her fairest ;  
When Fortune gave her as a wife,  
    She gave me then her rarest ;  
And to protect her while I may  
    Shall be my chief endeavour,  
With love that strengthens day by day,  
    And only Death can sever !

## THE PARTING.



FAREWHEEL!—fareweel, an' we maun part  
May-be to meet nae mair;  
The cords ye've bound around my heart,  
To rend I canna bear;  
For wi' my life ye're sae entwined  
By nature's first decree,  
That only ye o' womankind  
Can soothe or gladden me.

As licht is to the teeming earth,  
As sweetness to the bee,  
As water to a parched tongue,  
Sae dearest ye're to me;  
Your glancing e'en sae bonny blue  
Aye beam on me sae fair,  
That shone the stars in heaven sae bricht,  
I'd aye be gazing there.

The miser lo'es his hoarded gear,  
The warrior lo'es his fame,  
An' monarchs lo'e their proud estate,  
But what care I for them?  
For wealth, nor fame, nor jewell'd crown,  
Could pleasure bring to me,  
Unless, sweet heart—my dearest part,  
They a' were shared wi' ye.

## WILLIE.



O WAE is me to part wi' ye!  
An' maun ye cross the sea, Willie?  
Gin it be sae, then gang your way,  
An' Heaven smile on ye, Willie.  
Will ye think on me, Willie,  
As I think on ye, Willie?  
Baith nicht an' day, where'er ye gae,  
Your sister's heart's wi' ye, Willie!

Oh, swiftly sail the ship that bears  
Ye owre the foamy sea, Willie;  
May balmy gales your life renew,  
An' waft ye hame to me, Willie!  
Think! oh think on me, Willie,  
As I think on ye, Willie:  
The joy, the bliss,—wha can express,  
When ye come hame to me, Willie!

If prayers can move the heart o' Love,  
And HE in smiles look down, Willie,  
Though oceans wide our lives divide,  
We'll meet in bliss aboon, Willie.  
Ye will think on me, Willie,  
As I think on ye, Willie ;  
Baith nicht an' day, though far away,  
Your sister's heart 's wi' ye, Willie.

## REFLECTIONS.

WRITTEN AT GAINFORD SPA, JULY 1840.

How calm—how still my spirit feels  
Within this quiet wood,  
Where scarce a hum or passing breeze  
Awakes the solitude!

This footpath winding down the bank,  
*That* health-restoring spring,  
These overhanging leafy trees,  
Sad thoughts upon me bring.

Each bough's the home of many a sigh,  
Each flower of many a tear ;  
When absent to the longing eye,  
My thoughts will wander here.

For here, on such a sunny day,  
I with my brother walk'd ;  
Of that glad day, when far away,  
Perhaps his memory talk'd.

Who knows?—perchance our thoughts have met  
In this delightful scene,  
Though parted, and ten thousand miles  
Of ocean roll between.

Where art thou now, my brother?—where?  
The echoing woods repeat;  
Far o'er the sea thy lonely grave  
Is trod by strangers' feet.

Upon this elm, a sapling then,  
But now a stately tree,  
His name was carved;—where is it now?  
No trace of it I see.

Grave lesson here for all who woo  
Ambition, power, or fame;  
The name had long outlived the man—  
The tree outlives the name!

## WAR.



WHAT charm in war destructive lies,  
That men should rend asunder  
The nearest, dearest, holiest ties,  
To revel in its thunder?  
Is it the hope of endless fame,  
A soldier's death and glory?  
Can glory dry the rainy eye  
That tells the widow's story?

When men of war the weak oppress,  
The suppliant's tears defying,  
The soldier's name is link'd with shame,—  
The curses of the dying!  
But deathless is the soldier's fame,  
And glorious the ending  
Of him who falls in freedom's name,  
Love, country, home defending.



## TO ISABEL.



OH, were I as I ance hae been,  
An' ye as ye are now,  
I'd fainly fauld ye in my arms,  
An' kiss your bonny brow !  
I'd kiss your bricht and bonny brow,  
An' drink life frae your een ;  
But, oh, this canna be, for now  
I'm no' as I hae been !

Your life is like the living sun,  
That gies life to the plain ;  
Though clouds awhile may dim his smile,  
He'll brighter beam again.  
I wouldna be the cloud that comes  
Atween your love an' ye ;  
Your life's sweet light—the light o' lo'e,  
Lo'e glentin' frae the ee.

Wi' brother's lo'e I'll lo'e ye still,  
Nor seek your heart to win ;  
For less to think, an' mair to do,  
In me wad be a sin :  
But there can be nae sin, sweet lass,  
In praying, while awa',  
That joys frae ye may never pass,  
But blessings on ye fa' !

## THE DOMINIE.



YON gaudy house, like weel-faur'd sin,  
 Belangs to Jock the Dominie :  
 It's fair without, an' foul within,  
 Just like himsel',—the Dominie !  
 Oh, saw ye ocht like Dominie,—  
 The mean,—the miser Dominie ?  
 On earth's braid green there's nocht so mean  
 As lang-legg'd Jock the Dominie !

The rattans rinnin' through the house,  
 Like shadows, pass the Dominie ;  
 And e'en the wee bit modest mouse  
 Is starvin' wi' the Dominie.  
 Oh, saw ye ocht like Dominie,—  
 The lang an' lanky Dominie ?  
 His pow's sae bare, there's no' a hair  
 To biel the louse on Dominie !

By a' the powers an' saints abuve,  
 What think ye's come to Dominie?  
 He's fa'en out owre his lugs in luve  
 Wi' Christie, has the Dominie!  
 Her e'en, like stars, sae burnin' bricht,  
 Hae set on fire the Dominie;  
 A spark fell on his wither'd heart,  
 An' maist consumed the Dominie!

Oh, luve maks fools o' wisest men,  
 But Nature made the Dominie;  
 I fear he'll ne'er be richt again,  
 In sic a plight is Dominie!  
 Yet Jock's a man o' consequence,—  
 The parish clerk is Dominie;  
 Ae day, instead o' the response,  
 "O Christie!" sigh'd the Dominie.

He taught the lass her A, B, C,  
 To read an' write, did Dominie;  
 An' muckle mair, some people say—  
 A libel sure on Dominie!  
 When he aside young Christie sat,  
 How fidgin' fain was Dominie;  
 He lick'd his lips, sae fain to kiss—  
 O fie upon the Dominie!

Lang years had row'd,—some sax or eight,—  
 O'er Christie an' the Dominie ;  
 An' when she could nae langer wait,  
 She ca'd a coof the Dominie !  
 O bonny, bonny Christie, take  
 Some pity on the Dominie ;  
 'Gin ye forsake, he'll drown himsel',—  
 Then wha wad mourn the Dominie ?

Oh, wae 's me on the Dominie,—  
 The puir, forsaken Dominie,—  
 Sin' Christie 's wi' a packman gane,  
 An' jilted Jock the Dominie !  
 “ Farewell to joy,—farewell to mirth,—  
 Farewell to life,” sighs Dominie ;  
 “ The only pleasure now on earth  
 Is thwackin' bairns,” cries Dominie !

“ For God's sake, mind the Dominie !  
 A deevil 's grown the Dominie ;  
 I fear he'll hang himsel' ere lang”—  
 Ye needna fear the Dominie !  
 Yet pity for the Dominie,—  
 The puir demented Dominie ;  
 The warl wide has nocht beside  
 Sae lanely as the Dominie !

## THE BARD'S RETURN.



SAIL on, sail on, my merry bark,  
Dance gaily o'er the sea,  
And bring me to my mountain home,  
"Auld Scotia," brave and free!  
Oh, now I see her warlike hills,  
I love her more and more ;  
With child-like joy I bless the sand  
That shines upon her shore !

The cloud-nursed mountains beckon me,  
The valleys smile below ;  
The gentle streams, rejoicing, seem  
To greet me in their flow :  
Some boast of sunny eastern climes,  
Where light eternal glows ;  
Where all is sunshine, man of life  
But half the pleasure knows.

Give me the land of light and shade,  
 Of mountain and of river,  
 Where feeding streams from healthy springs  
 Make meadows verdant ever ;  
 Where Winter brings his roaring floods,  
 The Spring flowers ever new,—  
 The Autumn brown and shady woods,—  
 The Summer sunshine too !

Where Freedom first her standard raised,  
 Despotie banners wave ;  
 The iron heel of Tyranny  
 Is trampling o'er her grave :  
 Those sunny lands are bound in chains,  
 But, Scotland, still in thee  
 Men brave the terrors of the blast,  
 And, like it, they are free !

*Here* are the winding woodland paths  
 Where oft I've tarried long,  
 Entranced with forest music sweet,  
 Fair Nature's soothing song !  
 And *there* a gentle maiden lived,  
 Who first my soul did move ;  
 Whose smiles first twined around my heart  
 The cords of early love.

She plaited me a birchen crown,  
     I deck'd her hair with flowers ;  
 The light of heaven ne'er dawn'd upon  
     A happier life than ours ;  
 We thought of love, we spoke of love,  
     Love's breath perfumed the air ;  
 Love reign'd in heaven,—Love ruled on earth ;  
     'Twas love,—love everywhere !

Spirit of Life ! grant, when I die,  
     Like feelings may be given ;  
 Then gently bear my soul away  
     Unto a higher heaven :  
 From youth till now I've happy been,  
     And why not in decay ?  
 The sun as sweetly smiles on eve  
     As on the rising day !



## COURTSHIP.

AN ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF BASHFULNESS.

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YESTRE'EN, on Cample's bonny flood,  
 The summer moon was shining ;  
 While, on a bank in Crichope wood,  
 Two fond hearts were reclining :  
 They spak' o' youth an' hoary age,  
 O' time, how swiftly fleeting ;  
 Of everything, in sooth, but ane,—  
 The reason of their meeting !

When Willie thocht his heart was firm,  
 An' micht declare its feeling,  
 A ray frae Bessie's starry e'en  
 Sent a' his senses reeling ;  
 For aye when he essay'd to speak,  
 An' she prepared to hear him,  
 The thochts in crimson dyed his cheek,  
 An' words would no' come near him !

But Nature, gentle mither, came  
     In pity to assist him,  
 And whisper'd something he maun learn—  
     Her lesson surely bless'd him !  
 His arm around the lassie's neck  
     He flung, nor think she spurn'd it ;  
 Syne kiss'd her ripe and rosy lip,—  
     Some say, the maid return'd it !

'Tis ever thus that Love is taught  
     By his divinest teacher ;  
 He silent adoration seeks,  
     But shuns the prosy preacher.  
 Now read me right, ye gentle anes,  
     Nor deem my lesson hollow :  
 The deepest river silent rins,  
     The babbling brook is shallow.

## BESSIE.



OH mony a year has come an' gane,  
 An' mony a weary day,  
 Sin frae my hame—my mountain hame—  
 I first was lured away,  
 To wander over unco lands,  
 Far, far ayont the sea ;  
 But no' to find a land like this,  
 The hame o' Bess an' me !

I've traversed mony a dreary land  
 Across the braid, braid sea ;  
 But, oh, my native Highland hame,  
 My thochts were aye wi' thee !  
 As constant as the sun did rise  
 And set ahint the sea,  
 Sae constant, Bessie, were my prayers  
 At morn an' nicht for thee !

When I return'd unto my hame,  
 The hills were clad wi' snow ;  
 Though they look'd cold and cheerless, love,  
 My heart was in a glow :  
 Though keen the wintry north wind blew,  
 Like summer 'twas to me,  
 For, Bess, my frame was warm'd wi' love,  
 For country, kindred, thee !

Nae flower e'er hail'd wi' sweeter smiles  
 Returning sunny beams,  
 Than I did hail my native hame,  
 Its mountains, woods, and streams.  
 Now we are met, my bonny Bess,  
 We never mair will part ;  
 Although to a' we seem as twa,  
 We only hae *ae* heart !

We'll be sae loving a' the nicht,  
 Sae happy a' the day,  
 That, though our bodies time may change,  
 Our love shall ne'er decay :  
 As gently as yon lovely stream  
 Declining years shall run,  
 An' life shall pass frae our auld clay  
 As snow melts 'neath the sun.

## DAY-DREAMS.

'Tis Christmas eve,—the distant bells  
Are pealing in a merry chime ;  
Their clanging voices meet my ear  
As heralds of the march of time.

The changing year in beauty grows,  
With vernal showers and summer bloom ;  
It fades in autumn with the rose,—  
In winter finds a snowy tomb.

With retrospective look I gaze  
On scenes of buoyant infancy,  
And from the ashes of the past  
Raise present joys to gladden me !

Fond Memory with her mystic power  
Awakens thoughts that long have slept ;  
Who has not gazed upon the past  
Until with child-like joy he wept ?

Before my mind in visions pass,  
 In long review, a fair array  
 Of scenes gone by ;—the mental glass  
 Reflects them now as yesterday.

I see the fertile vale of Nith,  
 Where I in childhood loved to dwell,  
 My young heart bounding in its mirth,  
 More happy than my tongue can tell !

I see Lincluden's mossy walls,  
 I hear the ghastly owlet's scream ;  
 I see the wandering, winding Nith,  
 Reflect the moon's enchanted beam.

I see the hills, the woods, the vales  
 Of Holywood, Dalswinton, Keir,  
 Closeburn, and Morton, and my own  
 Romantic, native Durrisdeer !

I see Drumlanrig's whitening towers,  
 Her woodlands and her gardens fair ;  
 I see my old, my dearest friend,  
 My almost mother, Jenny Hair !

I see her looks of anxious care  
 When in the woods I far had stray'd ;  
 I hear her voice, as, kneeling, she  
 At morn and eve for mercy pray'd.

## SONNETS.

## TO WORDSWORTH.

GREAT poet, Wordsworth!—honor'd and admired,—

O tell me how my soul can best express  
Its adoration of a bard inspired,—

A bard all wisdom, love, and gentleness!

No fiery passions in thy bosom rage,

No thoughts malignant in thy works are seen;

Fair Nature's self looks forth from every page,

The poet's only guide to fame, I ween:

Exalting virtue, purifying man,

Has been thy task, and nobly is it done!

May Heaven prosper what thy wishes plan,

And grant long life to wear thy fame well won;

Mayst thou on death, when death o'ercometh life,

Smile like a bridegroom on his new-made wife!

## TO HAYDON,

ON SEEING HIS PAINTING OF CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY  
INTO JERUSALEM.

---

WHAT great magician of the earth art thou,  
 Who hast such wonders on the canvas wrought ?  
 In rapt astonishment I gaze, for now  
 Those hearts seem bursting with excess of thought ;  
 Another touch,—those forms will move and speak,  
 Proclaiming to the world their author's name,  
 On whom Sir Sycophant may vengeance wreak,  
 But cannot pluck a tittle from his fame !  
 Wherever art or schools of art may be,  
 His name with theirs is bound incorporate ;  
 And they shall live when that Monopoly,  
 A nation's shame, lies waste and desolate.  
 Art's brightest stars thy works will ever shine—  
 The Hebrew 'Triumph,' Haydon, shall be thine !



## TO SHELLEY.



SHELLEY, whilst living thou wert deeply wrong'd,  
Thou wert most innocent,—most kind and good;  
No common thoughts of common men belong'd  
To thee,—thy highest thoughts misunderstood,—  
Thy aspirations wickedly construed;  
The gentlest of all love was nursed by thee,  
Yet with thy love a spirit was imbued  
Of fury, raging like the untamed sea,  
Which shook the thrones of blood-fed Tyranny!  
Thy life was to the world a meteor bright,  
Whose brief but brilliant light is doom'd to be  
Regarded with deep reverence, when night  
From out men's souls hath pass'd.—O Shelley, when  
Shall men behold on earth a mind like thine again!

TO F. L.



THERE is a sympathy that poets feel ;  
There is a joy that only poets know ;  
A kindred gladness in a brother's weal,  
A kindred sadness in a brother's woe :  
From them the tear compassionate doth flow  
With mutual gushings, soothing their distress ;  
Affection strong, that no reverse can bow,  
Nor leave them in the world companionless !  
Such are thy feelings, Fred'rick, for in thee  
Love, truth, and justice most benignly blend,  
With lofty purposes supremely free !  
Deep is the love I bear thee, worthy friend—  
For friend thou art, in wintry hours no less  
Than when life's summer smiles in rosiest loveliness !

## STANZAS TO MY MUSE.



- “ DECEITFUL Muse—deceitful Muse,  
Why turnest thou away  
Thy glad’ning smiles from this poor heart,  
That’s loved thee night and day ?
- “ When first thou charm’d’st with siren tongue,  
Thou wert a maiden coy :  
The merriest girl that ever sung,  
And I the blithest boy.
- “ Thou saidst posterity would bless,  
Twine honors round my brow ;  
Is’t right that for posterity  
I should be starving now ?”
- “ Ungrateful youth ! thou wooed’st long,  
And won my deep regard ;  
I granted all the powers of song—  
Is this my just reward ?

“ Thou hadst thy wish with all its joy,  
 But not without its care ;  
 If thou wouldst win the smile of Fame,  
 Thou must not court despair !

“ Thou’rt richer far than sceptred kings  
 Whose wealth no tongue hath told ;  
 Thou’rt happier far than they whose springs  
 Of joy is glittering gold.

“ Man need not urge continual strife,  
 He wants but clothes and food ;  
 The motive of his life should be  
 To do his brother good.

“ Yet many thankless thousands rise,  
 Their useless course to run,  
 As if they ne’er had quaff’d the air,  
 Or tasted of the sun.

“ Most glorious is the poet’s lot,  
 All hungry though he be ;  
 His song, once waken’d, liveth on  
 Through all eternity.

“ It tears the veil from minds enslaved,  
 Makes princes bow the knee :  
 If thou wouldst be what thou art not,  
 Farewell—farewell to thee !”

“ Stay ! stay, sweet Muse ! I pray thee come ;  
 I’ve tried and found thee true :  
 Direct me still as thou hast done ;  
 Thy joys are ever new.

“ Oh, now thou lookest beautiful ;  
 Thy cheeks with Autumn vie :  
 The breath of Spring, the Summer’s glee.  
 Burst from thy lip and eye !

“ Of life thou keep’st the sunny side,  
 I will not seek the shade ;  
 Till death this mortal shall divide,  
 I’m thine, bewitching maid !”

THE END.

LONDON :

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITECHAPEL.

—Francis Bennoch's death has called out many admiring tributes from Englishmen, and now comes Julian Hawthorne to wreath upon the tomb of his father's friend. In a letter to the *Critic* he says:

"It was my fortune to know Francis Bennoch for thirty-seven years. He was my father's dearest friend in England; and when, years after my father's death, I came to live in London, it was from Bennoch that I received the warmest, heartiest welcome. He became the godfather of my eldest son; and thus the sunshine of his kind and manly nature has been given to three generations of my name. For years I met him almost daily, and, outside of my own family circle, no one contributed so much as he did to make those years worth living. Could I put in words all that he was, it would be a nobler, wholesomer, more lovable contribution to the literature of human nature than any other that I can hope to make. \* \* \*

"His laugh was as rich and contagious a chuckle as ever issued from a man's lungs, and his whole genial visage at such times was the incarnation of jollity. No one could be gloomy in his company; he emphasized the hopeful, kindly side of life, and the poignant suffering to which his own life more than once subjected him had the effect of only deepening and broadening his human sympathies and rendering more lovely and delicate the consolations he gave to other sufferers. He was, as his own phrase might have put it, a darling of a man—a man to inspire love and promote happiness. The talismans of his life were generous and honorable deeds. His many-sided mind met and harmonized with men of the most diverse character, drawing out the best in them and giving the best in return."

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...ing ratio in the United States. The President to appoint not less than three nor more than Commissioners to attend such conference on part of the United States, and who are to receive \$2,500 and their reasonable expenses. The resolution was referred to the Finance Committee.

The shipping bills were taken up to-day by Senate and opposed by Mr. Gibson and Mr. C. The former opposed subsidies for ships as a on farmers and producers and actually destructive of shipping interests. It was by freed not restraint, that the United States maintained a leading place upon the ocean, by reliance—not by bounties or subsidies. He not, however, opposed to postal subsidies American-built ships. Mr. Cote said the cause of the decline of American shipping was the substitution of iron and steel for as ship-building material. It was simply possible under existing tariff and revenue laws to build up the foreign carrying trade the United States. The remedy was to reduce the tariff and permit Americans to purchase foreign-built ships.

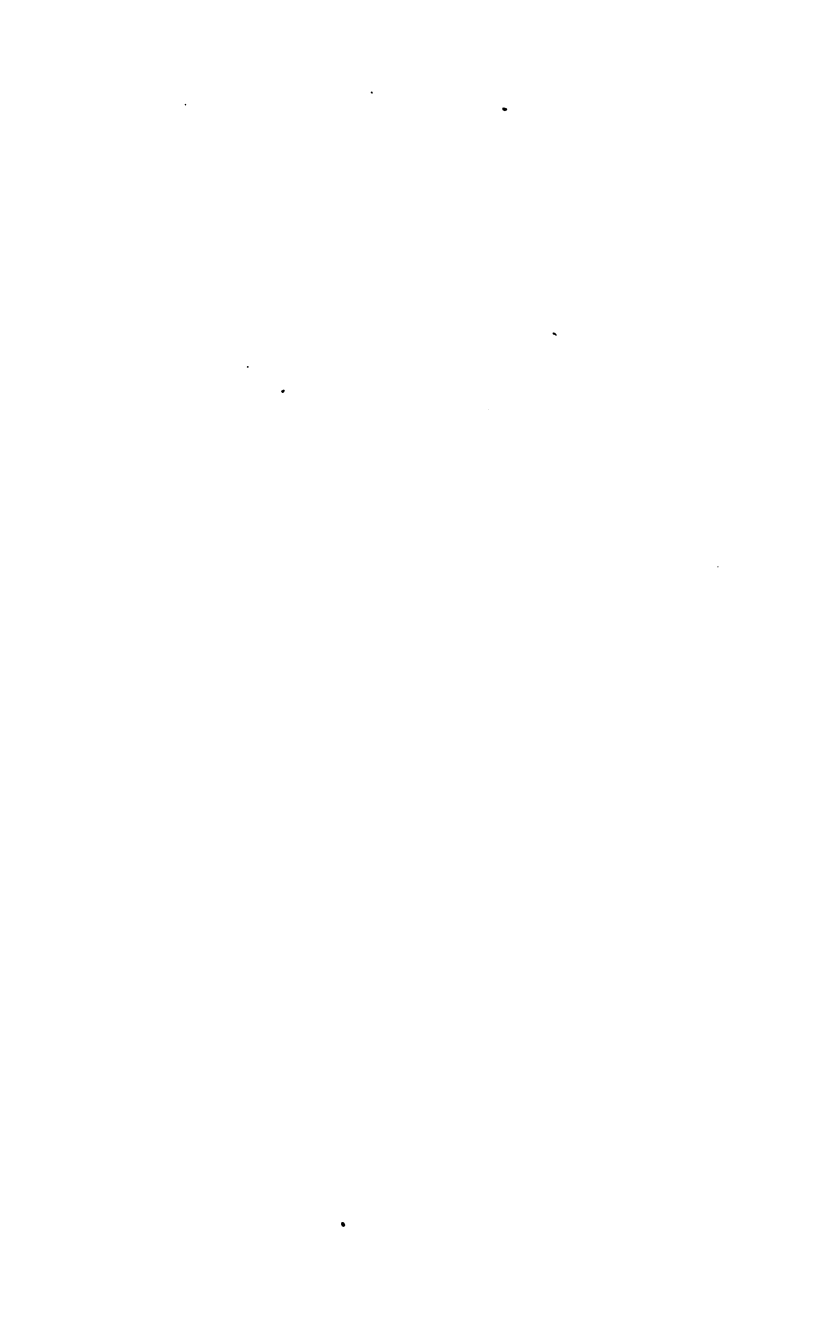
Mr. Vest offered as a substitute for the Merchant Marine bill a provision for free ships to be used only in the foreign carrying trade. The bills went over after an unsuccessful effort by Mr. Frye to secure an agreement for a vote on them to-morrow.

The President to-day sent to the Senate the nomination of Col. Alexander McD. McCook, 8th Infantry, to be Brigadier General. Col. McCook is well known as a member of the celebrated family of "fighting McCooks." He is a native of Ohio, and was graduated from the Military Academy in 1852. He was appointed Captain in May, 1861, and was made a Colonel and Brigadier General of Volunteers in the same year. In 1862 he was appointed a Major General Volunteers, and held that rank up to October, 1865, when he resigned his volunteer commission. He was appointed Lieutenant Colonel March, 1865, and Colonel of the Sixth Infantry in December, 1880. He was brevetted during the war for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Bull Run, the capture of Nashville, the battle of Shiloh, and the battle of Perryville, Ky., near the close of the war was brevetted Major General for gallant and meritorious services. He held during the war. Since 1867 he has served mainly with his regiment on the Western frontier excepting the period from 1874 to 1876.

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